AMERICAN CEREAL CO.

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FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

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#### Cleveland & Pittsburgh Div-Schedu'o of Passenger Trains-Central Time | AM | PM | TM | Sol A | Fe | AM | PM | TM | Sol A | Fe | AM | Fe | AM | PM | TM | Sol A | Fe | AM | Fe | AM | PM | TM | Sol A | Fe | AM Northward. Pittsburgh .....lv. 160 Beaver East Liverpool

un on Nov. 341 and 342 Parlor Cars on Nos. and 337. Wellsville ..... Yellow Creek 3 34 1 3 57 4 08 Limaville 4 47

Kensington
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Salineville
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Hammondsville
Yellow Creek
WellsvilleShop Wellsville ..... East Liverpool.

Nos. 336 and 338 connect at Wellsville for Stenbenville and Bellatre. Nos. 338 and 342 connect in Union Station, Pittsburgh, for the East. BETWEEN BAYARD AND NEW PHILADELPHIA. AM PM

PM PM AM \*Daily. †Except Sunday, fFlagstop, [Meals Dark Faced Type denotes time from 12 00 neon to 12 00 midnight; Light Faced from 1; 20 midnight to 12 00 neon.

JOSEPH WOOD, E.A. FORD. Ganeral Manners, General Passenger agent 5-21-94.-T P TISBURGH, PENN'A. For time cards, rates of fare, through tickets, buggage checks, and further information regarding the running of trains apply to any Agent of the Pennsylvania Lines.

| W. D. AEMSTRONG, Agent. Ravenne. 0.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME. IN EFFEOT MAY 20, 1894 MAIN LINE .- WESTBOUND. STATIONS. No. 7 No. 3 No. 15 No. 5 P. M. 2.15 8.80 8.47 4.12 4.20 5.15 6.05 6.16 6.27 7.00 7.14 7.30 7.40 7.20 2.30 P. M. 7.55 8.15 4.23 4.43 5.11 5.45 " ALLEGHENY ...
CALLERY JO...
ZELIENOPLE... 9.47 ELLWOOD
NEW CASTLEYOUNGSTOWN
NILES
DE FOREST JO
WARREN
LEAVITTSBU'G
NEWTON FL'S
RAVENNA
KENT
CUYAN'GA FLS
AKRON 10.45 11.20 12.08

12.35 11.05 7.80 EASTBOUND. STATIONS. No. 8 No. 6 No. 14 No. 4 6.45 6.20am 6.80 6.45 7.00 7.32 OUYAH'GA FLS RAVENNA NEWTON F'L'S LEAVITTSBU'G DE FOREST JO 7.11 4.18 9.44 7.42 ...... 10.07 8.00 ...... 10.22

NOS. 5, 6, 14 AND 15 HUN DAILY. ARRIVE AND DEPAR SHOW B. & O. DEPOT, PITTSOUWH. NOS. 3 AND 4 DAIL BETWEEN ALLEGHENY AND DE FOREST JUNGTION. OTHE TRAINS DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. LAKE DIVISION. No. 53 No. 19 STATIONS. No. 18 No. 52 P. M. Ly. AR. A.M. P. M. 2.40 -YOUNGSTOWN - 9.05 -----8.10 8.02 7.30 7.11 7.05 6.56 4.48 ....CHARDON ..... 6.89 1.80 5.12 ...PAINESVILLE ... 6.13 12.25 5.15 L.S.&M.S.DEPOT 6.10 12.20 J. V. PATTON, C. W. BASSETT



TIME TABLE Adopted June 17, 1894.

Central time, 28 minutes slewer than Trains depart from Ravenna as follows: EASTWARD, 8-New York and Boston... 38-Local Freight ...... 12-New York and Boston... 10-New York Fast .....

1—Gallion Passenger 7—Local Freight 3—Chicago and Cincinnati Nos. 8, 12, 10, 5, 11 and 3 run daily. No. 10 stops at Freedom, Windham and Brace No. 11 makes all stops to Gallion.

A. M. TUCKRE, Gen'l Manager, Cleveland. D. I. Roberts, Gen'l Pass, Ag't, New York, F. W. BUSKIRK, A. G. P. A., Chicago.

\$2.50 CLEVELAND GROCERIES, \* =BUFFALO \*

VIA "C. & B. LINE."

Commencing with opening of navigation (about April 1st). Magnificent side-wheel steel steamers State of Ohio" & "State of New York"

DAILY TIME TABLE SUNDAY INCLUDED. Lv. Cleveland, 6:15 P. M. | Lv. Buffalo, - 6:15 P. M. Ar. Buffalo, - 7:30 A. M. | Ar. Cleveland, 7:30 A. M. GENTRAL STANDARD TIME. Take the "C. & B. Line" steamers, and enjoy a refreshing night's rest when en route to Bullalo, Niagara Falls, Toronto, New York, Boston, Albany 1,000 Islands, or any Eastern or Canadian point Cheap Excursions Weekly to Niagara Falls

RITE FOR TOURIST PAMPELET. H. R. ROCERS, T. F. NEWMAN Gen'l Pass. Agt, Gen'l\_Manager. CLEVELAND, O.

A "Size" in a Coat is an inch; in Underwear, two inches; in Socks, one inch; in Collars, half an inch; in Shoes, one-sixth of an inch; in Trous-ers, one inch; in Gloves, one-fourth

when it collides with "The Rochester

of an inch; in Hats, one-eighth of an inch. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

# Great Bargains

AT

# THE \*\* ROCHESTER' Clothing House

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Preparatory for Fall, we are going to dispose of the few Spring and Summer Goods remaining upon our tables AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

Until Sept. 1st A Great Reduction will be made

FINE SUITS, BUSINESS SUITS, WORKING SUITS.

500 Pairs Men's Working Pants 98c, worth \$1.25 Woolen Underwear 78c. Negligee Shirts

# Children's Suits Marked

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY THEM.

Some of our immense stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS already in. Don't fail to examine them.

# Respectfully,



**KEEP COOL!** 

Try a Class of Ice Cream Soda Water At McCONNEY'S.

# GRAND DISPLAY

It Will PAY You to Visit Our Store AN1 SEE THE LARGEST LINE OF

FURNITURE, CROCKERY

NOVELTIES and FANCY PIECES!

PLATED WYAIRE &C. To be found in one house in the State,

Our Prices are Below Competition! Our New Upholstered Rockers are Dandies,

FROM \$2.50 UP. In CROCKERY Finest Line ever shown AND LOWEST PRICES.

Our Bargains in Lamps you should not let pass

Our UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT IS IN CHARGE OF A. B. FAIRCHILD. Which is a Guarantee that it will be well done.

W. A. JENKINS & CO No. 8, Phenix Block.

TABLE DELICACIES ON THE SIDE.

PROVISIONS,

FAMILY SUPPLIES

Clean Goods. Neatness. Promptness.

AT THE BOTTOM.

Ravenna, O

# The "Size" of your Pocket Book cuts a small figure, when you consider the "Panic Prices" prevailing at our House. "Size" your pile, and then "size" us up as to our ability to label competition a "back number" when it collides with "The Bockster"

RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1894.

We are now making special zero prices, during this hot weather,

An' it's finish up your swipes an' follow me Oh, 'ark to the big drum callin'—
Follow me—follow me ome 'one'

on our fine stock of OXFORDS-high & medium grade Ladies, you now have an opportunity to buy an elegant Shoe at a price that will astonish you, even in the common parade of catchy headings of "Cut Prices," "Below Cost," &c., of the day.

Our stock is all this seasons goods, of the latest styles, and up to date" in every particular. While we still have quite a full line, we expect the prices to

nove them, and the early buyers will have the advantage of a wider range of selection. We now have a complete line of the celebrated J. N. CLOYES, JOHN KELLEY, and THOS. PLATT SHOES, and other leading makes, which are winners in the competitive race for popular

Expert Foot Fitters,

### Smith and Brigham.

ME 'N' MAJE.

"Mebby you don't take dorgs here, anyway?" The woman was holding the door so that her figure might just fill the open-ing, and as she had a very thin figure the door had an inhospitable appearance. Before she gave any answer she craned her head forward and examined space for a few yards about the man. "I don't see no dorg," she remarked.
"Oh, you can't see him, he's out to

the corner of the house settin' down. I told him to se' down 'n' wait for me." Having said this, the man adjusted his crutches so that he might rest on them more comfortably while he waited. He was used to waiting. He was watching the woman's face. She had pressed her thin lips together while she was considering, and when Mrs. Darte's lips were pressed together it was as if she had only a sort of a cut in her face through which she might take her

"I don't expect we're called upon to support no dorgs," she said at last, "the town don't provide nothin' for dorgs, anyway. Besides-" here she paused, but added almost immediately, "our cat's dretful 'fraid of dorgs. She brustles all up horrid. She'd likely 's not run away, 'n' I d' know what we should do. She's a reg'lar ratter, 'n' the rats we have here are jest beyond words. I don't see why the town don't do sumhing bout 'em. I tell Abram if he tended to things 's he'd ought to he'd say something 'bout them rats to town meet'n'. I tell him I wish the selectmen could see our hog pail 'most any time when it's settin' out there by the pen. It's jest a sight with them rat's tails in a ring right round the top of it, 'n' they with their heads down in the

This seemed irrelevant, but the man did not interrupt. His faded old blue eyes were fixed on the woman's face. Somehow those eyes made her uneasy. She wished they were not so mild and so gentle. When she stopped speaking he said that he knew "some folks didn't like dorgs; they was afraid they'd run mad in the summer 'cause 'twas hot, 'n' in the winter 'cause' twas cold. But I ain't 'fraid to risk that," he con-

There was silence for a moment, during which a Baltimore oriole in the cherry tree close by fluted out his song and then flew off, making a swift line of brilliant color as he went. The old man turned and gazed after the flying He smiled slightly as he

"Them birds are a lot of company for me this time of year," he said. "I guess they've built up in the top branch—though mostly they like ellums for their nests.

As he still continued to stand there Mrs. Darte could not quite make up her | c'n jes measure my victuals if you want mind to shut the door on him. Present- to, 'n' I won't take nothin' more, honest, ly he turned toward her again. "This is the almshouse where I b'-

sound that told her the dried apple stewing on the kitchen stove was boiling down 'n' die, 'n' be glad to, if they won't over. She felt sure that the half-witted take my dorg." pauper inmate she had left to watch would spill the apple when she tried to

"I guess I've seen him," was the re-

goin' along with you." "But you jest come out"—the old eyes again, and all were still bright—"n' speak to him. face trembled He's the best feller you ever seen. quivered slightly—"I ain't be'n 'thout made up my mind to take you 'n' the him day nor night for ten year, 'n' ten dorg. 'N' if the town don't like it they him day nor night for ten year, 'n' ten dorg. year ago this spring he was a pup. may jest turn me 'n' Abram out. That's They was goin' ter drown him. I all there is about that." saved his life. I got him 'way from them two cusses of boys. I took off the with a pathetic brightness. Then he rope 'n' the rock they'd tied to his neck. Twas the best job I ever done when I saved that pup. He's be'n mine ever since. My wife she'd died, 'n' my son he fin'ly died of that wound he got when the fact'ry blowed up, you know.
'N' I ain't be'n fit for nothin' for I d' know how long. I've got ter give up peddlin' on 'count of my back 'n' ilegs. I knew this was the poor-house where I b'longed. I'd come here 'fore only I kep' thinkin' how 'twould er make my wife feel if she'd known it. She was

real high strung. Abby was, one of As he said this the old man drew himself up on his crutches and flung his But he could not remain in that attitude, so he immediately sagged again between his supports. "But you come out 'n' see Maje,"

Mrs. Darte reluctantly stepped down over her head. She glanced back into the passage that led to the kitchen. She could now distinctly smell the dried. She could now distinctly smell the dried an always produce a gold doubloon—ters since then. apple that was burning on the stove, and this fact did not make her any more know, but it is always produce, no one seems to know, but it is always produce, no one seems to know, but it is always produced why a gold doubleon, no one seems to

Everything within bounds, and everything trim 'n' wait for me he expects me to come. mariner who bites the weather-side of goin' to begin confusin' of him with new follow.

Mr. Little swung forward on his crutches, and Mrs. Darte followed him. There was a proud and tremulous eagerness in his voice and manner as he reached the corner of the house and makes inferior butter more palatable.

Parisian restaurant keepers mix a little with their butter. This gives the honey with their butter. This gives the doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politoness not to remember Chester-lively; "I cannot but admit that I am in favor of free coinage and protection to home industries."—Truth.

"Here he is! Come, Maje, 'n' give et paw to a lady."

A large, yellow, smooth dog with a square, black muzzle and light, hazel eyes rose from his haunches and came forward wagging his tail, not wagging effusively, but with a polite welcome. He held up his paw, but as Mrs. Darte did not take it he put it down again. He glanced at his master, advanced his head and gave one lick of his tongue upon his master's dingy hand, then stood waiting, smiling a little, slobbering somewhat, and having a very pleasant look in his eye. Yet these eyes had the appearance of possessing other powers of expression. A half-peck basket with a cover, which was tied down with a string, stood on the ground near where the dog had been sitting. The wooden handle of this basket showed unmistakable evidence of having been much car-

ried in the dog's mouth. "What's in that?" As Mrs. Darte made this inquiry she inted one finger at the basket. "It's my sweet flagroot, you know," was the answer. "It's what I peddle a good deal this time er year. Folks don't care much about it, though, but it don't cost me nothin' to git it if I dig it myself. But it always did 'most kill me to dig it, 'n' my back's so now I can't do it no more. I told Maje I couldn't when I dug that mess. Sometimes I have pins. I dug that mess. Sometimes I have pins, and told him of his plan to beat Ashby 'n' thread 'n' needles in there. Maje he in the end.

jest 'causeworked. "It's 'cause I love him. Itell you what 'tis, Mrs. Darte, I don't want ter live 'thout Maje. I don't want ter at an early hour, so that they could live much anyway, but I do hope I sh'll catch Jim before anybody else arrived. stan' it 's long's Maje does." The high "The black boy stood back by the voice cracked on the last few words. The dog moved closer to his friend and looked up at him. "What is it?" his eyes asked.

Mrs. Darte did not speak. Her face was not precisely as it was when she opened the door to Lemmy Little. And she had forgotten the burned apple on the cook stove. "I s'pose he eats as much as a man?"

she remarked finally.
"No, he don't, he don't," eagerly. "he's a real small eater, he is. You're a real small eater, ain't you, Maje?" The dog flapped his tail on the ground, then he yawned. He might have been intimating that there was the best of reasons why he eats so little. He had ranged up by his master's side and sat down as if to indicate that he and the man belonged to one party and the woman to another.

"Fil tell ye what le's do," said Mr. Little suddenly. "You let us in, Maje 'n' me. You jes' lemme have my share of victuals, 'n' I'll share with Maje. You I won't. 'N' I'll feed Maje outer my share. 'N' he c'n sleep 'long of me. "I'm He always does. You see, 'twon't cost Mrs. Darte just now heard a hissing house, but I swow I won't stay where

As the quivering voice ceased, the owner of it leaned his crutches against move the kettle back. But here was old the house and sat down on the ground Lemmy Little, who didn't seem to know enough to go away. Of course they couldn't take his dog. It was ridiculous, moves were not made dramatically, but back to the faro table the first thing he just like him to think they could. And as if this were the way the two wayfar- did was to change the \$10 bill and beher mother had always said that a good- ers rested when they became weary on gin playing. Of course no one sussized dog cost as much to keep as a pig.

She told herself that she hadn't any right to use the town's money to provide for eyes were bleared and pale in the vivid that but a few minutes before had been sunshine. He had his hand on the dog's "I don't see how I can, no way," she head, and the fingers of the hand were aid.
"I tell you what," exclaimed Mr. Littoothless mouth hung open as he turned the brightening, "you jest come out 'n see Maje, 'n' p'raps you'll change your mind. He's such a good feller. You can't help likin' him, nobody can't."

tothiess induit him goes is defined in thing open as the thind the set of a pitishead upward. Some sort of a pitishead upward. Some sort of a pitishead upward is his head upward. Some sort of a pitishead upward is highly a some sort of a pitishead upward is highly

nothin' else, you'd know 'bout me 'n' sponse, the speaker showing no enthu- Maje. 'N he's be'n wuzz off nor me siasm at the prospect of making acquaintance with Maje, "I've seen him him."

The man now gazed down at the dog again, and all the blurred lines of his "Wall, ' said Mrs. Darte suddenly and Why"-here the stubbly, weak chin resolutely, "I tell you what 'tis, I've story."

quickly clasped the dog's head between "Hear that, Maje?" he asked. "What's mine's yourn, anyway." He raised his eyes again and said firmly, "but you'll see 't the town wont be out er cent by my poor Maje."—Maria Louise Pool in the Chap-Book.

## Russian Fins-or "Roosian" Fins, as

them Kimberlys over to North Bixby, Jerrold Kelley in an article on "Superstitions of the Sea." in the Century. Harricanes blew, calms beset, gales roared, as they willed, and their incantations began to operate by the simple sticking of a knife in the mast. . If they wished to drive the rats out of a vessel they shoved the point of a snickersnee into the deck, and every rat ran for from the door. She flung her apron up formed hara-kiri. No one ever saw, in "Why don't you call him here?" she alone, is never full nor empty—a gentle "Cause when I tell him to se' down plashing of tide—half-tide bringing fat content, and woe be to the incautious I've brought him up that way. I ain't his thumb at him, for harm will surely

"Follow Me 'Ome."

There was no one like 'im, 'Orse or Foot Nor any o' the Guns I knew; An' because it was so, why, o' course 'e went an' died. Which is just what the best men do.

'Is mare she neighs the 'ole day long, She paws the 'ole night through,
An' she won't take 'er feed 'cause o' waitin
for 'is step
Which is just what a beast would do.

'Is girl she goes with a bombadler,
Before 'er month is through,
An' the banns are up in church, for she's got
the beggar hooked,
Which is justiwhat a girl would do. We fought 'bout a dog—last week it were— No more than a round or two; But I strook 'im cruel 'ard, an' I wish I 'adn't

Which is just what a man can't do. 'E was all that I 'ad in the way of a friend, An' I 'ad to find one new; But I'd give my pay an' stripe for to get the beggar back, Which it's just too late to do.

So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me, An' it's finish off your swipes an' follow me, Oh, 'ark to the fifes a crawlin'! Follow me-follow me 'ome!

Take 'im away! 'E's gone where the best men go. Take 'im away! An' the gun wheels turnin' Take 'lm away! There's more from the place 'e come. Take 'im away, with the limber an' the drum. For it's "Three rounds blank" an' follow me, An' it's "Thirteen rank" an' follow me; Oh, passin' the love of woman, Follow me-follow me 'ome! —Rudyard Kipling in Pall Mall Magazine.

DEVOL'S CAMBLING YARN. Being the Story of How a Fellow Blacked Up to Beat the Bank.

"Before the war." said Col. George Devol to an interested party of listeners in the lobby of the St. James hotel, New York, "Jim Ashby was the most notorious gambler in New Orleans.

"Ashby was proprietor of a faro bank in those days, and such a run of luck you never saw. He broke every gam-bler for a hundred miles around. "But one evening a fellow came there and turned things about for time. He played with a good run luck, and in one night succeeded in making that bank shell out \$500. Ashby then in turn succeeded in breaking the stranger. The contest grew warmer as it progressed. How to get even was all that occupied the stranger's mind

carries the barskit—I couldn't with my two crutches, you see. But 'taint so much 'cause he carries the barskit either, want you to take me up tonight and 't I couldn't git 'long 'thout him. It's sell me to Ashby, and take your pay in checks.' The man paused. His poor face "As he was low in cash, the trader quite readily agreed to take part in the

> "The black boy stood back by the "'Well,' said the trader to Ashby, 'I'm dead broke, and want to make a little play this evening. I've got no money -nothing but niggers-how much will

you give me on this boy?" "Now, Ashby wanted a boy to stay there at the bank, so he turned to the nigger and said: Come up here, nigger, and let m have a look at you.' "The boy came up, and Jim felt of him, and asked him how old he was.

The nigger replied: "Fo' de Lawd, I dunno, boss. "How would you like to live here and wait on the gentlemen?' Jim asked.

"'I'd lack it fust rate." "Well, the upshot of the whole matter was that the trader got \$500 in checks for his nigger. At the game that followed, however, luck ran against him a second time, and he lost the entire amount that he had just got for his nig-

"Treat the boy well,' were his part ing words with Ashby as the trader left the place. Jim was rather impressed with his late acquaintance, but the nigger's clothes were not to Ashby's liking. "This is the aimsnouse where I always does. You see, 'twon't cost long," he began hesitatingly. "Tm towned here, anyway, 'n' I've 'bout made up my mind I can't take care of I'm gittin' old."

He always does. You see, 'twon't cost the town or cent, not er cent. Now will ye do it? If you don't, I d' know what'll become of us, I b'long to this poor- 'Dey's all I got, boss,' the nigger in the composition of the poor- I've the town or cent, not er cent. Now will ye do it? If you don't, I d' know what'll become of us, I b'long to this poor- I've the nigger in the composition of the poor- I've the poor- I' replied. But I kin git a mighty fine coat of I had \$10.'

"Jim pulled out a \$10 bill from the depths of his pocket and handed it to the boy with instructions to make his purchase and to hurry back, as the game would soon start up.

pected that the good-looking stranger sitting before them was the black boy had been so sudden that we'd been sold for \$500. "Well, sir, that man played, and in a short time his pile amounted to \$150.

"The stranger could stand the sus pense no longer. He burst out laugh-

but you see, I've won myself back with the \$10 you gave me for that suit of last baby stopped crying and we sat clothes. "That," said Col. Devol, "is a true

Land transfer has lost a great deal of the simplicity which characterized the operation in the olden time. Accordig to the Art Journal, the pleasant land of Bosham, in Sussex, once belonged to the Archbishop of Canterbury, but was much eoveted by Earl Godwin, sup-porter of the last of the Saxon kings, whose treasury was unfortunately too empty to purchase it. He obtained the place by a novel system of land trans-

His lordship attended a great cere mony in the archbishop's cathedral, followed by his retainers, and, according to time-honored custom, said to his grace "Da mihi basium," meaning. "Give me the kiss of peace; only, instead of saying "basium," he ingeniously substituted the provincial pronunciation of Bosham. The archbishop graciously replied, "Do tibi basium," which, bein interpreted, is "I give thee the kiss. which he did. But Godwin cried, "Thou hast given me Bosham," to which all his retainers cried, "Why, cert'nly," and the whole crew at once rode off to take the sharp blade, and willy-nilly performed hara-kiri. No one ever saw, in sailor lore, a penniless Russian Fin, for he slipping his hand into his pocket he he slipping his hand into his pocket he he law has greatly complicated mather those Indians and licked 'em, and took our Teilung."

A Surprising Result.

Dicky-Wreally, I had to pinch myself to find out whether I was asleep or Ada (interestedly)-And which are

Dicky-Asleep.-Life.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# **ABSOLUTELY PURE**

GRANT KNEW HIS MAN. How Gen. Sherman Sent Important News to His Chief.

While we were eating a whistle blew It was from a little tugboat that had steamed its way up the swollen and dangerous river from Wilmington. It passed the enemy hidden on either bank. It was the first sound from the north heard since the army left the north heard since the north heard since the army left the north heard since the army left the north heard since the army left the north heard since the north heard ocean; writes S. H. M. Payers in Mo-Clure's. No one in the north knew last night, while a young Treasury where Sherman's army was. Rumors clerk was playing with his member of brought from the south said it was Congress for a \$4 supper after the the "floundering and perishing in the swamps of the Carolinas." That day the general directed me to board this tugboat, run down the river in the bent his watery orbs on the table.

well that evening down at the river an absolutely new proposition bank. "Don't tell them in the north "Majah, there are a good in that we are cutting any great swath hero. Just say we are taking care of whatever is getting in front of us. And be careful your boat don't get knocked other. to the bottom of the river before day-

Our little craft was covered nearly sah. all over with cotton bales. The river was very wide and out of its banks everywhere; the night was dark. Whatever the enemy may have thought of the little puffs of steam far out on first to last during the course of his the dark, rapid water, we got down to the sea unharmed. A fleet ocean steamer at once carried me to Virginia. steamer at once carried me to Virginia.
Grant was in a little log cabin at City
Point, and when an officer was anCivil Service Commission?" nounced with dispatches from Sherman he was delighted. He took me into a back room, read the letters I ripped out of my clothing, and asked me many liked so powerful much, but it's a true questions. Then Gen. Ord entered.

"Look here," said Gen. Grant, delighted as a child. "Look here, Ord, at the news from Sherman. He has beaten even the swamps of the Carolinas." "I am so glad." said Ord, rattling his

"I am so glad. I was getting a little uneasy."
"I not a bit," said Grant. "I knew Sherman. I knew my man. I knew my man," he gravely continued, almost he gravely continu to himself.

scheme. They went over to the bank WHEN INDIANS CAUSED EXCITEMENT. The Strike Recalls Stirring Times Least One Chicago Ploneer.

> "Awful times! Awful times! Never had 'em when we were young!" The speaker drew out a spotless handkerchief in a solemn manner. "We didn't, that's a fact," responded his seatmate in the Wabash cable. to get up all the strikes. Good Lord, how easy they did it! Bennet, do you

remember that night—no, you weren't there, though; you'd come to Chicago after a wagon-load of winter stores. Well, I never shall forget that night. There's a solid pound of reasons for remembering it.'

sweet pease in her hand got on.
"You see," he resumed when the car was rattling on again, "you see, the Indians had stolen some horses and been overtaken by the owners, who, of course, demanded their property. That made the Indians furious and they threatened to scalp everybody in the settlement before morning. Well, we all hustled down to Williams' cabin—he had the higgest and settlement before morning. Well, we well, what's the use of talking? They weren't in it with Grant. he had the biggest one-and pretty much everybody in the settlement was there before sunset. Good Lord, what a hubbub there was! Some of the women were crying and fainting, with

all the kids joining in the chorus; and

we men were busy barricading the doors and windows. "There was one man there-a Methodist preacher that happened to be visiting in the settlement—and he was wandering around in everybody's way, ejaculating: 'Put your trust in the Lord, brethren.' We had everything in the shape of weapons, for the alarm obliged to snatch up whatever was handy, and clubs and pitchforks outnumbered the rifles. The preacher had a table fork for his sole weapon. He said that the Indians believed that a "Curse that man,' said Jim, when his newly acquired nigger had not restab from a table fork was always fatal turned; 'I told him not to be gone to them. I hadn't much spare time stab from a table fork was always fatal just then, but I remember wondering how many Indians he'd pick before some of 'em scalped him. It got darker and darker and we all began to listen "Well, Ashby,' he said, 'you told for that Indian whoop—remember how the truth when you said you'd own me, it used to sound, Bennet? I never

waiting for that whoop.
"Well, it came. Every fellow was on his feet in a trice with his weapon lifted. Then we dropped our pitchforks and made a rush for the fellow waving his bowie knife over our heads and call ing out with a laugh in his voice, 'Now's the time for scalps!

shut ourselves in and there were red How we did it I don't see yet. "Hammond Lad come home course heard of the fuss. So when he didn't find anybody in his cabin he came on to Williams', the next place, to

"He hadn't been with us when we

his energies to wake us up, but couldn't do it, so then he assaulted our barricades, and after a tough time of it managed to get in-to find us all reposing on our laurels and our arms! "We never heard the end of it, of ourse, but we laid it on to the preacher. If he hadn't neglected his duty he'd have pricked our consciences with that fork of his, and kept us awake to our

langerous state." "Of course," assented the solemn

horses."-Chicago Tribune. A Modern Chesterfield.

Dr. Reid, the celebrated medical writer, was requested by a lady of literary eminence to call at her house. "Be sure you recollect the address," she said, as she quitted the room, "No. 1 Chesterfield street." "Madam," said the doctor, "I am too great an admirer

HONOR BELONGED TO GEN. GRANT. Colonel Says He Was Seen by More Persons than Any Other Man.

something more than local reputation

The Colonel stuck his knobby cane night, and carry dispatches to Gen.
Grant in front of Richmond and to
President Lincoln at Washington.

"Don't say much about how we are
doing down here," said the general, as
he put his arm about me and said farewell that are about me and said farewell that are niver in the fiver in th "Majah, there are a good many

> "Well, now, this suggests to me to ask you a very interesting question,

"All right, Cunnel, let's have it." "Um-m-m! Tell me, if you can, what natural life." "Gee whiz! Cunnel, let me off. That's

"Well, its a fair, bony fidy, real live question and there's an answer to it, that you and I, as Kentuckians, never answer as sure as your livin', an' I kin

prove it, too." "Well, Cunnel, if you'll just spin ahead and answer the thing yerself, I'll give up. My intellectuals need scraping a little tonight; they're kind o' gummed-up like."

"Gin'ral Grant!" "Yes, Gin'ral Grant."

never a thought he was the man." "Well, he was. More people laid ther eyes on that man than any other man since time began way back among the

"Well, come to say so an' think so, perhaps, begosh, it is so."
"Yer bet, Majah. First he was seen with that everlasting cig-yar o' his in the Western army and in the Army of Virginia. Then he was President. these twelve years he was seen by "We'd have done it if we could, but the population didn't allow of it. Chicago didn't possess a million mixed sons in those days, so the Indians had to get up all the strikes. Could have a few of his travels are sons in those days, so the Indians had to get up all the strikes. Could have of his travels away from Washington. Why, I was in Philadelphia when George W. Childs gave him that recep-tion before he sailed down the Delaward to go around the world. The people just seemed like the sands of the sea-shore and the leaves of the forest. Just think of that journey 'round the world membering it."

The speaker paused as the car did and a bright-faced girl with a bunch of sweet pease in her hand got on.

"You see," he resumed when the car did Spain, and Scotland, and Germany, and Turkey, and Egypt, and all through India, Siam, China, Japan, and then that tremendous welcome in California. Think of the big cities that turned out

### well, what's the use of talking? They weren't in it with Grant."—Washington How They Waltz in Kentucky.

A Danville girl tells the Advocate the following with regard to waltzing: "No one waltz, even when danced with the same partner, is exactly the same. It is always a new sensation. The music is not in the same key, and the waltz does not touch the same chords of one's soul. If I dance twenty waltzes in the evening I have twenty different thrills of pleasure. With one partner it is a soft, insidious measure; with the next, a long and languorous movement; with the third, more of a hop, that gently jars the brain into a delicious, dreamy forgetfulness; while the fourth cavaller with a heroic tread, bears you away with strong and vigorous rhythm into still another world. The lights of this go out, you lose consciousness, but you feel no dread as you lie within those herculean arms like a child rocked to sleep in his father's embrace. feet are no longer on the earth. celestial rotation out into space, and when you light on earth again you feel like a tired bird stopping from a long

#### flight."

"My traveling bag," said one woman concisely, "will hold easily a nightgown, my tooth and nail brush, and a clean collar or two. And here I am informed by this authority"-she held out her fashion magazine—"that in shut ourselves in and there were red glints coming in through those barricaded windows instead of redskins. It of toilet vinegar, a Turkish towel, wash was morning and we'd all been asleep. rag, a towel, my own soap, a piece of chamois, salts, aromatic tooth wash, a few orris tablets, some ammonia or pectedly in the night and hadn't of borax, a couple of almond meal bags, a course heard of the fuss. So when he powder puff, an atomizer of diluted cologne, writing materials and a fresh waist. And yet men think that the real make inquiries. He said he exerted all problems of the universe rest on their

> Every american war ship has an on fit of over 150 flags.



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